

The History of Henry Hotspur

Prince. Come hither, Francis.

Francis. My Lord.

Prince. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Francis. Forsooth five yeeres, and as much as to —

Boyne. Francis.

Francis. Anon, anon, sir.

Prince. Five yeeres: berladly a long lease for the chinking of pewter: But Francis, darest thou be so valliant, as to play the coward with thy indenture, and shew it a faire paire of heeles, and runne from it?

Francis. O Lord sir, i'le be sworne upon all the Bookes in England, I could find in my heart.

Boyne. Francis.

Francis. Anon sir.

Prince. How old art thou, Francis?

Francis. Let me see, about Michaelmas next I shall be —

Boyne. Francis.

Francis. Anon sir, pray you stay a little, my Lord.

Prince. Nay, but harke you Francis, for the Sugar thou gavest me, 'twas but a penny worth, wast not?

Francis. O Lord, I would it had beene two.

Prince. I will give thee for it a thousand pound, aske me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Boyne. Francis.

Francis. Anon, anon.

Prince. Anon Francis? No Francis, but to morrow Francis or Francis, on Thursday: or indeed Francis, when thou wilt: But Francis.

Francis. My Lord.

Prince. Wilt thou rob this Leatherne Jerkin, Christall button, Not-pated, Agat-ring, puke-stocking, Caddice-garter, Smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch?

Francis. O Lord sir, who do you meane?

Prince. Why then your Browne-bastard is your onely drinke: for looke you Francis: your white canvass Doublet will sulley. In Barbary sir, it cannot come to so much.

Francis. What sir;

Boyne. Francis.

Prince. Away you rogue, dost thou not heare them call?

¶ Heere they both call him, the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to goe.

Enter Vintner.

Vint.

Henry the Fourth.

Vint. What, standst thou still, and hearest such a calling? looke to the Chests within. My Lord, old sir John with halfe a dozen more, are at the dore, shall I let them in?

Pri. Let them alone a while, and then open the dore: Poyne. Poyne. Anon, anon sir. Enter Poyne.

Pri. Sirra, Falstaffe and the rest of the Theeves, are at the doore, shall we be merry?

Poy. As merry as Crickets, my Lad: but harke yee, what cunning match have you made with this jest of the Drawer? come, what's the issue?

Pri. I am now of all humors, that have shewed themselves humors since the old daies of good man Adam, to the pupill age of this present Twelue a clocke at midnight. What's a clocke, Francis?

Francis. Anon, anon sir.

Prin. That ever this fellow should have fewer words then a Parrat, and yet the son of a woman. His industry is up staires and downe staires, his eloquence the parcell of a reckoning. I am not yet of Perceys minde, the Hotspur of the North, he that kill's me some 6. or 7. dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and sayes to his wife, Fie upon this quiet life, I want work. O my sweet Harry sayes she! how many hast thou kild to day? Give my Roan horse a drench (sayes he) and answers, some fourteen, an hour after: a trifle, a trifle. I prethee call in Falstaffe, i'le play Percy, and that damnd Brawne shall play Dame Mortimer his wife. Rivo, saies the drunkard: call in ribs, call in Tallow.

Enter Falstaffe.

Poyne. Welcome Iacke, where hast thou been?

Fals. A plague of all cowards I say, and a vengeance too, mary and Amen: give me a cup of sacke, Boy. E're I lead this life long, i'le sow nether stocks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards: Give me a cup of sacke, rogue, is there no vertue extant?

Prince. Didst thou never see Titan kisse a dish of butter; pittifull hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the Sun? if thou didst, then behold that compound.

D. 3

Fals.